[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 32.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

MR. POOL,

Examining, the other day, the annals of Memory. I found, in a page long unexplored, the following, recorded in the happy season of juvenile innocence; which circumstance alone has preserved it from the erasing sponge of Time. Insert it, if you please, in the Visitant.

OPHELIA.

ELVIRA.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * "The tear of the morning hangs on the hawthorn and impearls the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that lovely flower; and, though it has long since lost its crimson it still retains a partial similitude—for the tear is on it! But, alas! no cheering sun exhales my sorrows, and the chrystal that stole forth in the morning from my eyelids holds its place in the midnight hour.

Thus answered Elvira. I went on. 'And is love,' said I, 'the canker-worm that preys on thy beauty? Does that torturing passion make thee shed the ceaseless tear?'

'No;' replied Elvira, 'Love gave me all its choicest blessings. During five years, I rioted on its pleasures, and this world was a heaven to me. William, it is true, is no more; but he died in the field of honor: he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country. *I* bathed his wounds; his last words blest *me*; and his expiring sigh breathed forth in my bosom!

I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation. My William loved none but me, and he still lived in the blessed image which he left me of himself. It was my duty, and it soon became my sole delight, to point out to the darling boy, the paths in which his Sire had trod, and to instil in his expanding mind the emulation of paternal virtue. His young breast felt the glowing flame and he was wont to weep when I led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father.

But *he* too is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this cold turf, which I adorn with flowers. Here my fancy feeds my sorrow; and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit, till weary nature conduct me to my Husband and my Child!" * * * * *

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

"The world is a stage."

While mortals exist on this great theatre of action, they are busily employed in accomplishing their designs, and in fixing its scenery to their own liking: but, just before they are satisfied, the curtain falls, and they are left in the *pit*, in which no pleasing prospect of the play can be experienced. How melancholy must be the situation of an audience left in such a dilemma! With what caution should they embrace the prospect of such short-lived pleasures! Yet more, infinitely more, chimerical are the practices of every mortal of the human race! Instead of studying "those things which make for peace," they are but grasping the fleeting phantoms of the imagination. Omitting the "one thing needful," while flourishing on the border of the grave, till the brittle thread of life is broken, and the place which once knew them knows them no more. "O, that men would be wise!" that they would consider that a life well spent here, is a sure guarantee of happiness hereafter. We count not time only by the past. But he who lays up his treasure in heaven, has a sure foundation, and may rest assured that his labour will not be in vain. Let us then, instead of seeking for the vain and transitory things of this world, prepare to live in happiness in that which is to come. Therefore,

"To do what's good make no delay,
"For life and time slide fast away."

MONITOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From Fancy's purest and most brilliant source,
We'll cull the flowers to strew at Beauty's feet.

MRS. ROBINSON.

Mrs. MARY ROBINSON, who, by the tendency, rather than by the exclusive merit of her writings, as a Lady, acquired the name of the British *Sappho*, was born at Bristol, in England, and was the daughter of an American merchant, of the name of DARBY: When she was arrived at the age of seventeen, she married Mr. Robinson, an Attorney, with whom she suffered a vartety of embarrassments: on her arrival in London, her uncommon beauty, attracted the notice of the late licentious LORD LITTLETON, who introduced her to Mr. SHERIDAN, and she became an Actress of Drury Lane Theatre. It was during the performance of *Perdita*, in the *Winter's Tale*, that the PRINCE OF WALES, was first enamoured of her:—by the intervention of *Lord Malden*, a meeting took place, and she lived for several years, as the Sultana of the Heir apparent, diffusing patronage, and encircled by brilliancy and vanity:—After this illicit intercourse, had continued for a few years, the Minister, (LORD NORTH) deemed it prudent, with the approbation of his Britannic Majesty, to offer an annuity of five hundred pounds a year, to Mrs. Robinson, on condition that she should give up, without

reservation, all the letters that she had received from the Prince, during their acquaintance: an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, being likewise given to her daughter, she consented to the proposal, and, we believe, pledged herself, never to see the Prince, afterwards but as a gentleman indifferent to her affections.

On the arrival of Colonel TARLETON, from America, he became an object of general admiration, among the Aristocracy and the minions of saint James's, where he warmth of reception was proportioned to the injuries that might have been inflicted upon virtue: —The idea of his prowess, was then so extravagant, that the Ladies considered him as the eighth Champion of Christendom, and supposed that he had killed and eaten the Yankee Rebels (as they were phrased) by brigades:—Mrs. Robinson, was among the earliest to admire him, and resigned her heart and her influence to his custody —At this time she began to write and publish poetic pieces, which were well received, and she formed intimacies with the *Literati*, some of whom assisted her in her compositions, and contributed to amend her taste—The most perfect poem that this Lady has written, was a Satire called *Ainsi va le Monds*.—She caught a violent cold, about 13 years since, by following Colonel TARLETON to Paris, in an open carriage, in severe weather, the consequences of which brought on a rheumatic gout, which harrassed her through the remainder of her life, and she was so helpless for the last five years of her existence that she could not walk.—When health and fortune declined, her paramour, had the *discretion* to marry Miss BERTIE, a natural daughter of the late Duke of Ancester, by which he acquired a handsome fortune, and an immense protection: this event, it was presumed, hurried poor MARY ROBINSON to the grave: In her manners, she was lively, polite and hospitable, and had her *petite soupers*, in imitation of the French, at which a certain class of distinguished persons were usually found, discoursing upon Politics, fashions and the *Belles Lettres*.

The subject of the following plaintive Ballad, was borrowed from some of those miserable occurrences which took place during the rebellion in Ireland, when a licentious and butchering soldiery were excited and rewarded, for massacreing the patriot peasantry; and the face of the country pressented a scene of horror—violated matrons, bleeding natives, and villages in flames.

THE MANIAC.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

As I stray'd o'er a common on Corke's rugged border,
While the dew drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,
I saw a poor female whose mental disorder,
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd.
On the sward she reclin'd by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisies and crowflowers abounded:
To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded:
Yet the soft tinge of beauty had play'd on her cheek;
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck;

While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd "Oh! my mother!
See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother;
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another;
'Tis Connor the friend of poor Mary le More!"

"Though his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,
Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave;
My father!" she cry'd with the wildest emotion,
"Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave;
They have toll'd his death bell, they have laid the turf o'er him,
His white locks are bloody, no aid can restore him;
He is gone, he is gone! and the good will deplore him
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold blosssom'd furze that grew near her,
Now rose, and with energy carol'd his lay:
"Hush! hush!" she continued, "the trumpet sounds clearer:
The horsemen approach! Erin's daughter away!
Ah! Britons, 'twas foul while the cabin was burning,
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning!
Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning;
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More."

"Away bring the ointment! Oh God! see those gashes!
Alas my poor brother, come dry the big tear,
Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
Already the screach-owls and ravens appear;
By day the green grave that lies under the willow,
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curled billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus, thus the poor Maniac in tones more heart-rending
Than 'sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When lo! on the waste, and their march to'ards her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear.
"Oh? the fiend!" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming she darted;
With an overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

SELECTIONS FOR THE VISITANT.

DRESS.

When the greatly potent allurements of a fine face, sparkling eyes, a white neck, coral lips, and rose coloured cheeks, are assisted by glittering attire, dishevelled locks, loosely flowing garments, shape-embracing zones, elegant attitudes, and bewitching glances, the dangers can only be resisted by the double shield of wisdom and virtue. Dress, indeed, when nicely displayed, will transform a Hecuba into a Helen, and make the veriest dowdy shine forth in all the splendor of seeming beauty.

The toothless Egle seems a pretty one,
Set out with new bought teeth of Indian bone;
And foul Lychoris, blacker than a berry,
Herself admires, now finer than a cherry.

Gomesius, a Florentine gentleman, was by this means deceived in a wife.—Radiantly set out with rings, jewels, lawns, scarfs, laces, gold, and every gaudy device, he imagined, having never seen her but by torch light, that she was a perfect goddess; but when, after the wedding solemnities, he viewed her the ensuing morning without her tires, in a clear day, she appeared so horribly deformed, lean, yellow and shrivelled, that he could not endure to

look on her. Like an Egyptian temple, she was fair without, but rotten within. Elegant simplicity is the decoration which best exhibits nature's modest charms. Loose and gaudy attire are meretricious ornaments, to conceal defects of nature, and to ensnare the minds of inexperienced beholders; for why do women array themselves in such fantastical dresses, and quaint devices, with gold, with silver, with coronets, with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings chains, gaules, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versicolour ribbands, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tassels, golden cloth, silver tissue, precious stones, stars, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, crisped locks, wigs, painted faces, pins, bodkins, setting-sticks, cork, whalebone, sweet odours, and whatsoever else Africa, Asia, and America, sea, land, art, and industry can produce, flaying their faces to procure the fresher complexion of a new skin, and using more time in dressing than Cæsar took in marshalling his army, but that, like cunning falconers, they wish to spread false lures to catch unwary larks; and lead, by their gaudy baits, and meretricious charms, the minds of inexperienced youths into the traps of heroic love?

——————Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

"Let them," says the good and pious Tertullian, "paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity, and the damask of devotion; let them adopt that chaste and simple, that neat and elegant style of dress, which so advantageously displays the charms of real beauty, instead of those preposterous fashions, and fantastical draperies of dress, which, while they conceal some few defects of person, expose so many defects of mind, and sacrifice to ostentatious finery, all those mild, amiable and modest virtues, by which the female character is so pleasingly adorned."

Ah! why so fantastic and vain?
What charms can the toilet supply?
Why so studious admirers to gain?
Need BEAUTY lay traps for the eye?

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

LOVE AND AFFECTION.

A young man of Bourdeaux, cast into one of the prisons of that city, fell ill, and became every day more and more reduced by the unwholesome air of his dungeon. Being removed to the hospital, he was attended by a young lay sister named Theresa. The young man, whose name was Du Bois, possessed a fine and interesting figure, and he soon inspired his benefactress with a sentiment still more tender than the humanity which was the first cause of her cares.

The habit of being frequently with him, and of hearing him converse, but above all her compassion for his misfortunes, which she took a delight in making him relate almost every day, produced in her mind the firm resolution to attempt his escape at every hazard. Having communicated her design to him, but without disclosing her passion, it was resolved that he should feign violent convulsions, and after some time appear to be dead.

Every thing succeeded in the happiest manner. Sister Theresa loudly deplored the death of her patient, and when the physician came his rounds, informed him that he had just expired. The physician turned his back and went out without suspecting the stratagem. When the evening began to close, Theresa pretended that the body of her patient was ordered to be given to the pupils of the hospital for dissection, and caused the young man to be carried into the room set apart for that purpose, by some who were in her confidence. Every means of success she had prepared with equal zeal and foresight, in the room was deposited the clothes of a surgeon to whom she had entrusted

the secret, and Du Bois having put these on, escaped without being observed by any one.

A stratagem of this nature, though conducted with peculiar address, could not fail to transpire; it was in fact discovered the next day. Sister Theresa was interrogated, and too happy to have saved him whom she loved, she was above dissimulation, and plainly confessed the truth. Her frankness, her generosity, her beauty, and a remnant of esteem for noble actions, which even party violence had not wholly destroyed, induced those to spare her who might have brought her to the scaffold.

The young Du Bois meantime had felt a mutual passion for his benefactress. No sooner did he find himself in security than he wrote to her, making a declaration of his love, and beseeching her to repair to his asylum. Theresa did not long hesitate. Having made herself assured of the honourable intentions of her lover she left Bourdeaux, and having reached Du Bois's habitation, they both retired secretly into Spain, where the bands of Hymen completed their happiness.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

A prisoner, whose name was Delleglace, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons to the Conciergerie at Paris. His daughter, who had never quitted him a moment from the time of his arrest, desired permission to travel with him in the carraige prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love? Mademoiselle Delleglace, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution, and laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, set off on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than an hundred leagues; she sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed, and in the evening of every day when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

The gates of the Conciergerie, which she reached at the same time with her father, now excluded her from his sight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accustomed to subdue the ferocity of jailors, and she could not be persuaded that she should plead for justice in vain before magistrates. Every morning for three months, she implored the justice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous perseverance was rewarded with her father's liberation.

What pen can express the excessive joy of this happy girl when she carried the tidings to her father? Exulting in her success, she next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill in an Inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the excess of fatigue during this unparalleled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witness the utmost benefit of her enterprize; she never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, still deeming herself happy to have saved his life at the expence of her own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FEMALE READING.

The attention of our young ladies should be directed, as soon as they are prepared for it, to the reading of history—travels—poetry—and moral essays. These studies are accommodated, in a peculiar manner, to the present state of society in America, and when a relish is excited for them, in early life, they subdue that passion for reading novels which so generally prevails among the fair sex. I cannot dismiss this species of writing and reading without observing, that the subjects of novels are by no means accommodated to our present manners. They hold up *life*, it is true, but it is not as yet *life* in America. Our passions have not as yet "overstepped the modesty of nature," nor are they "torn to tatters," to use the expression of the poet, by extravagant love, jealousy, ambition or revenge. As yet the intrigues

of a British novel are as foreign to our manners, as the refinements of Asiatic vice. Let it not be said, that the tales of distress, which fill modern novels, have a tendency to soften the female heart into acts of humanity. The fact is the reverse of this. The abortive sympathy which is excited by the recital of imaginary distress, blunts the heart to that which is real; and hence, we sometimes see instances of young ladies, who weep away a whole forenoon over the criminal sorrows of a fictitious Charlotte or Werter, turning with disdain at three o'clock from the sight of a beggar, who solicits in feeble accents or signs, a small portion only of the crumbs which fall from their fathers' tables. *Rush.*

FROM HERDER'S SCATTERED LEAVES.

When the ALMIGHTY was about to create MAN, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. They stood in council around his hidden throne.

'Create him not,' said the angel of JUSTICE; 'he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker.'

'Create him not,' said the angel of PEACE; 'he will manure the earth with human blood; the first born of his race will be the slayer of his brother.'

'Create him not,' said the angel of TRUTH; 'he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehood, although thou shouldst stamp on his countenance thine image, the seal of confidence.'

So spake the angels of the attributes of JEHOVAH; when MERCY, the youngest and dearest child of the ETERNAL, arose, and clasping his knees, —'Create him, father,' said she, 'in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness.—When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek and support him, and turn his faults to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his bowels to compassion and his soul to atonement. When he departs from PEACE, from TRUTH, and from JUSTICE, the consequences of his wandering shall deter him from repeating them, and shall gently lead him to amendment.'

The father of all gave ear, and created man, a weak, faultering being, but in his faults the pupil of mercy, the son of ever active and ameliorating love.

Remember thine origin, O Man! when thou art hard and unkind towards thy brother; MERCY alone willed thee to be; LOVE and PITY suckled thee at their bosoms.

PRISONS

Are dismal receptacles of desperation and despair, in whose inmates are personified pining poverty, squalid wretchedness, and hopeless anxiety; where are commixed, in one heterogenous, equalizing mass, the dissipated, extravagant squanderer of *another's* property, and the unfortunate victim of duplicity, robbed by placing confidence in his *own*. With these are blended objects of real commisseration, whose distress have arisen from misfortnnes, that wisdom could not foresee, nor human prudence prevent. What feeling heart would not be shocked in such a place, as he contemplates the promiscuous association of the virtuous and the vicious, the just and the unjust; no distinction being made by the unfeeling creditor, between the deceived and the deceiver.

GOOD ADVICE.

A young man of fashion, in the city of New-York who had in the true modern stile, tinged himself with most of the vices and follies of the places he had passed through, had, together with many other accomplishments, gained a little knowledge of the *creative* art, and for some time used it, graced by an endless volubility of tongue, to the downright disgust of many people with whom he was on terms of intimacy. One Day in particular he was detailing out accounts of the number of presents he had received from his friends, since his return from Europe, especially a rich bridle from Buonaparte, the ornaments &c. most superb. It is so exquisitely fine, said he, that it can never be used in the mouth of a filthy horse. What shall I do with it, said he, to Colonel S——. "*Put it on your tongue, young man,*" replied the soldier. The shock was electrical—the youth was silenced, and peace restored to the circle.

THE FEMALE EYE.

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye:—"the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

EELS—A LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE.

Mrs. W——, a rich lady, remarkable for her avaricous meanness, being in her carriage on a visit to a noble family, on her way saw a woman with a basket of Eels; of whom she bought two pounds, tied them up in her handkerchief, (and not caring to leave them in her chariot, for fear her servants would pilfer any,) put them in her pocket, and presently arrived at the place of appointment, where was a numerous assemblage of the politest company. She had not sat long, ere the wriggling gentry, having broke loose, (unperceived by her,) were shuffling away in a variety of directions from her petticoats, to the inexpressible surprise and diversion of all present, except herself; who, covered with confusion, left the room abruptly, but not before she had carefully picked up every one of her Eels.

A bill was lately before the Legislature of Pensylvania to divorce a woman from her husband. A member who made a long speech in favour of it, concluded, hoping it would pass, for he understood that the husband had been dead some years.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"To note the passing tidings of the times."

SALEM, AUGUST 2—9, 1806.

6. London dates to June 20th, ten days latest, have reached us, via. New-York. The hereditary monarchical government of Holland was proclaimed by Bonaparte the 3rd of June; and the new King, Louis Napoleon, had accepted the reins of Dutch government. The olive of Peace had not taken fast root on the Continent. In Germany new military augmentations were daily making. The French had a strong force in Germany. The Russians were evacuating the mouths of the Catterro. Gaetta still held out.

DIED,

On Monday last, in Boston, Mr. CHARLES AUSTIN, aged 19, son of Benjamin Austin, esq. and member of the present Senior Class, Harvard University—by the discharge of a pistol from Thomas O. Selfridge, esq. The particulars of this distressing and melancholy affair are so variously reported, that it is impossible for us to give any correct detail. It is understood, that a dispute, of a personal nature, had taken place between the father of the young gentleman deceased, and Mr. Selfridge, and that on the meeting of the two latter, in State street on Monday about 1 o'clock, the unhappy event ensued, which terminated in the death of Mr. Austin on the spot. A jury of inquest returned a verdict of "Wiliful murder by the hand of Thomas O. Selfridge, with malice aforethought."

The remains of this unfortunate young gentleman were entombed on Wednesday afternoon. The procession, which was very numerous and respectable, moved from the dwelling-house of his parents, in Cambridge street, thro' Court street, down State street as far as the bunch of grapes, and through Cornhill, to the Chapel Burying Ground, where the body was deposited. The pall was supported, and the corpse preceded in the procession, by the Senior Class of Harvard University, and followed, immediately after the relations, by the President, Professors, and Tutors of that Seminary.

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